

Flight 17 To Tuscan

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Summary: A fic inspired by my vacation to Tuscan, Arizona. Pretty cute, so read and review! Oneshots rock the world!

## Flight 17 To Tuscan

**\*\*Melissa:** (Singing) I'm the oneshot queen, I am royalty. I like writing stories with one chappie! Writing oneshots is what I love to do, so ask me and I'll write one for you! I'm the oneshot queen I am-**\*\***

**\*\*Mom:** Melissa! Go to bed, it's three in the morning!**\*\***

**\*\*Melissa:** Sorry mom! (Whispering) Hello peoples! You seem to have caught me in the middle of singing my theme song. Well, after reading this story, you'll be singing it too! This is yet another one of my wonderful oneshots. I have once again avoided the use of direct romance, sorry to fluff lovers! This story uses one of my characters from Arrgh! Tuscan is a city in Arizona and I went there for vacation, thus inspiring me to write this fic! There's no real romance in this story, but it's cute, and if you squint REALLY hard, there's a tiny shred of Maxwell/Sandy. Well, please read, enjoy, and review!**\*\***

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"Look Boss!" cried Glen, staring out the window. "That cloud looks like a cauliflower, and that one looks like a muffin, and that one looks like a hunchbacked old man with three legs and a cane coming out of his butt!"

Boss sighed and rolled his eyes.

"Glen," Boss said, brushing his dark hair out of his eyes. "Tell me again how I got stuck sitting here with you while mom and dad are over at that restaurant eating streak and shrimp?"

"Because mom paid you ten bucks." Chirped Glen happily.

"Oh yeah." Boss smirked, feeling the bill in his pocket.

If you haven't already guessed, Boss and his little brother Glen were sitting at the boarding gate of their plane to Tuscan. It was taking a while for their plane to arrive. Their parents were eating at one of the many airport restaurants, so Boss was stuck watching Glen while his parents stuffed their faces.

"Boss, I have to go potty." Glen wined.

"Glen, you just went to the bathroom." Boss told him.

"But I really gotta go!" Glen crossed his legs.

"Sorry, but you really didn't need that soda at Burger King now did you?" Boss snapped.

"I gotta go! I gotta go! I gotta go!" Glen cried, jumping up and down and holding in his sides.

People started to stare at Boss with a 'how can you be so mean to your poor little brother' look. Boss glared back at them, his eyes saying 'it's not my fault, stop staring.' The people did not stop, and eventually, Boss gave in out of sheer embarrassment.

"Alright you littleâ€¦" Boss snarled, grabbing hold of Glen's hand with more force than necessary and dragging him over to the bathroom. Just his luck, there were only two bathrooms, both family. Both occupied. "Great." Mumbled Boss.

After a few minutes wait, one of the doors opened. In Glen's frantic attempt to get to the bathroom, Boss, who was still holding onto Glen's hand, was pulled off balance, tumbled over, and landed face first on somebody's shoes.

"I'm sorry," Boss apologized to the girl whose shoes he had landed on. He moved off her feet, now sitting on the floor, and stared at the girl. She was tall, slender, and had snow-white hair that seemed glossy and shiny.

"No, eet eez okay." The girl spoke with a thick French accent. She offered him a hand, and Boss gratefully took it and hoisted himself up face to face with her.

"No, it's me who's sorry." Boss said. "And you" he grabbed Glen by the collar. "You need to apologize to her."

"But I gotta go now!" Glen yelled, struggling towards to bathroom.

"Sorry miss." Boss said to the girl, gesturing towards the bathroom. "You were in line before Glen here."

"Oh, no." said the girl, beaming. "I am not in line. I am waiting for someone."

"Oh, okay then." Said Boss happily, letting go of his anxious little brother who scampered into the bathroom. Unfortunately for Boss, Glen

knocked him over again and Boss ended up flat on the floor again.

The girl giggled.

"Oh, you think that's funny do you?" said Boss with an accusatory glance.

"Well, yes!" spluttered the girl between fits of laughter.

"I guess it is pretty funny." Said Boss, chuckling a bit. "But honestly, I am sorry about Glen, he can be quite a handful sometimes, miss."

"Eet eez okay," said the girl, smiling. "But really, my name is Bijou, not miss."

"Alrighty then Bijou!" said Boss, grinning at her. "The name's Boss. Say, are you catching the next plane to Tuscan?"

"Oiu." She said. Something about her accent made Boss smile.

"Well, I am too." He said. "Andâ€|" he trailed off, suddenly feeling quite hot around the neck.

"Well what?" said Bijou.

"Well," spluttered Boss. "Wouldyouliketositwithmeontheplane?"

"I'm sorry, I didn't catch that." Bijou said sounding confused.

Boss breathed, feeling extremely embarrassed. "Would you like to-

"I'm back, Bij!" said a boy who just walked out of one of the bathrooms. He had orange and white hair and a carefree face. The boy walked up to Bijou and smiled at her, receiving a smile back from Bijou.

"Oh, Boss," she said to him. "Zis eez 'Amtaro. Amtaro, zis eez Boss."

"Nice to meet you Boss!" said Hamtaro, clapping Boss on the back. Hamtaro put an arm around Bijou's shoulders. This annoyed Boss for some reason.

"So Boss," Bijou spoke. "What eez it you wanted to tell me?"

"Well," said Boss. "It's uh, I was going to-

Boss was interrupted by a large loudspeaker. "Flight 17 to Tuscan, now boarding."

"Um, er, right. Got to go!" said Boss, not at all unhappy to leave. He felt rather uncomfortable watching Hamtaro stroke Bijou's hair, though he did not know why.

Boss left the 'happy couple' and went to find his luggage. Glen was already waiting for him, as well as his parents.

Boss boarded the plane in haste. He purposefully picked out a seat away from the rest of his family. He was usually excited around take-off, but thoughts of Bijou were distracting him. He was sure she was happy, probably still in the arms of Hamtaro, but somehow this thought did not make him feel any better. A little while through the flight, a girl walked up to him. She had hair quite as white as Bijou's, but she looked happier than most people.

"Um, hi." Said the girl, a bit nervously. She gestured towards the open seat next to Boss. "Can I sit here? I wouldn't normally ask, but there's a red-head and a boy with a dictionary making out in the seat that I was supposed to sit in, and I really didn't want to bother asking them to leave."

"Sure." Said Boss. "I know how you feel." He thought of Bijou and Hamtaro.

The girl took a seat next to Boss and hummed a bit. Then it was nothing but awkward silence for a bit. Finally, the girl broke the silence.

"You look sad." Said the girl. "Here." She held out a plate of cookies with little pink heart frosting. "My friends all say that my homemade cookies make you feel better. I call them love shots."

Boss took a cookie, bit into it, and he instantly felt better. "Wow, you're a good cook!"

"Why thank you!" the girl smiled. Boss thought he saw a faint pink tinge.

"Well," said Boss, wiping off the cookie crumbs from his lips. "Now that I trust your cooking, I guess I can trust you with my name. It's Boss."

The girl laughed. "Well Boss, you are quite the comedian!" She snorted with laughter again. "You can call me Harmony."

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\*\*And that's where I leave you! I know, that was kind of lame, but it was still pretty sweet. Please read and review!\*\*

End  
file.